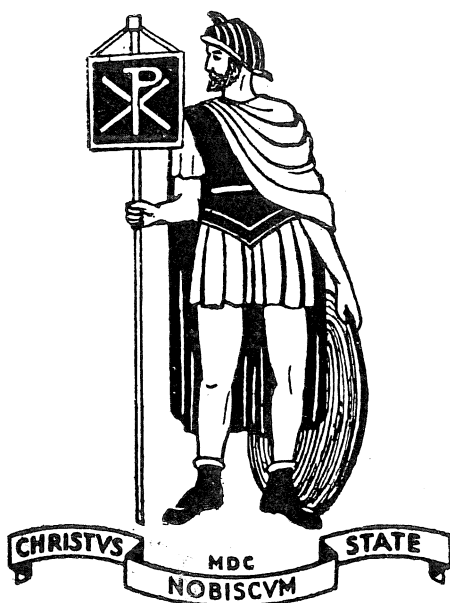
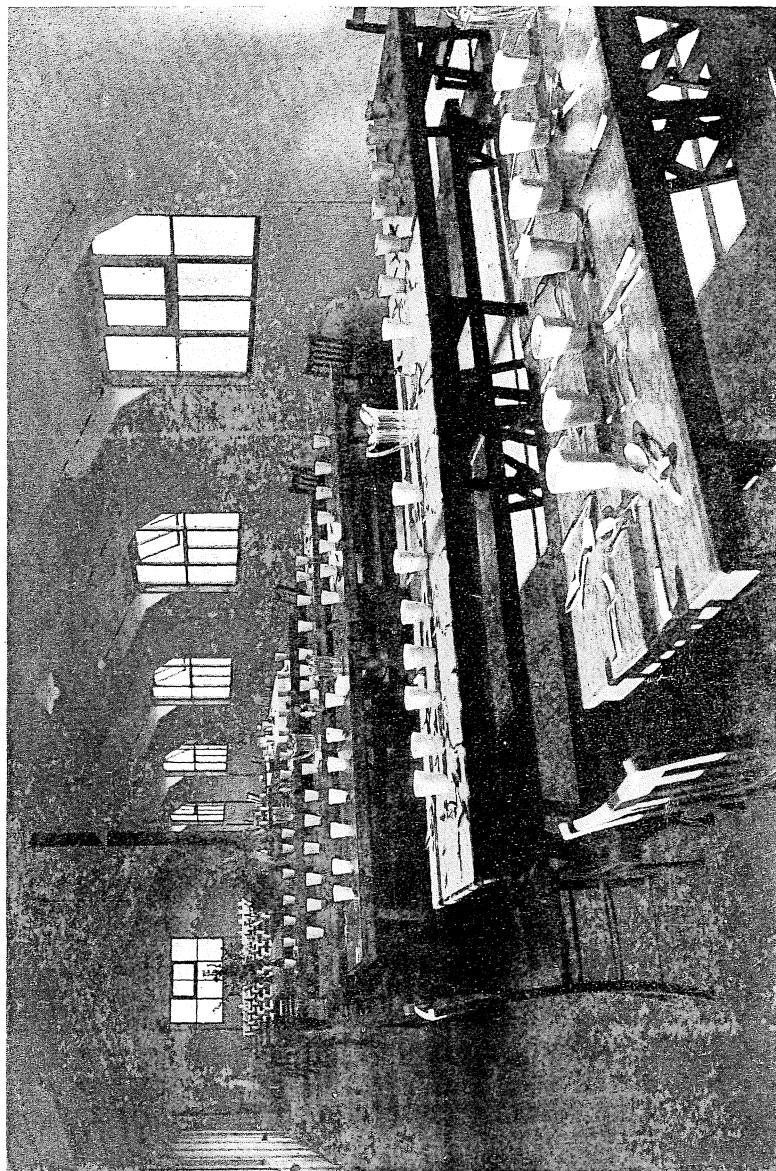


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

December, 1946.



A.G.S. CANTEN DINING ROOM.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 85.

DECEMBER, 1946.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

SONIA SHORE, CYNTHIA BARTLETT, JOSEPHINE FINDON, EADIE i., GRAY i.,
PRESTIDGE, WAINWRIGHT, STEVENI i.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

This term we include as our frontispiece a photograph of the interior of the Dining Room of the School Canteen. This has now been in use for over a year. Old Scholars of the earlier days of A.G.S. will naturally compare it with the old Dining Room in the main building. More recent Old Scholars will be not a little envious of present scholars, when they remember the crowded conditions under which they ate their lunches from 1939 to 1945, and how they had to feed in such unsuitable places as the Gym, the Physics Laboratory, the Art Room, and several other rooms about the school premises.

THE SCHOOL REGISTER.

Valete.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| *Cook, R. M. (VI.), 1940-46. | Roberts, J. W. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. |
| *Hancox, R. M. (VI), 1939-46. | Sanders, J. R. (Upp. Vb), 1942-46. |
| *Hillman, G. J. (VI), 1935-46. | Stone, V. E. (Upp. Vb), 1940-46. |
| *Horseman, J. M. (VI), 1940-46. | *Stringer, J. (Upp. Vb), 1942-46. |
| *Howes, G. M. (VI), 1940-46. | Beseley, D. M. (Low. Va), 1942-46. |
| *Paddock, J. M. (VI), 1940-46. | Jobson, W. (Low. Va), 1942-46. |
| *Rose, E. M. (VI), 1938-46. | King, M. (Low. Vb), 1941-46. |
| *Rymell, S. M. (VI), 1941-46. | Wallbank, R. H. (Low. Vb), 1942-46. |
| Fellows, P. H. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Addison, H. A. (Trans.), 1943-46. |
| Holmes, K. M. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Dew, R. M. (Trans.), 1939-46. |
| *Pallett, M. W. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Haines, G. H. (Trans.), 1936-46. |
| Spraggett, S. M. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Thompson, A. T. (Trans.), 1943-46. |
| Tolman, M. E. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Vale, H. (Trans.), 1942-46. |
| *Whitehead, B. M. (Upp. Va), 1941-46. | Cheadle, J. M. (Upp. IVa), 1943-46. |
| Wickwar, J. M. (Upp. Va), 1942-46. | Richardson, B. J. (Upp. IVa), 1942-46. |
| Beesley, A. S. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. | Sylvester, J. E. (Upp. IVa), 1943-46. |
| *French, R. M. (Upp. Vb), 1938-46. | Laird, J. M. (Upp. IVb), 1942-46. |
| Ganderton, T. H. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. | Harwood, R. J. (Low. IVa) 1943-46. |
| Hull, N. R. (Upp. Vb), 1940-46. | Montgomery, A. J. (Rem.), 1940-46. |
| Lilley, L. W. F. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. | Young, V. M. (Rem.), 1941-46. |
| Malin, E. M. (Upp. Vb), 1940-46. | |

* Prefect.

Salvete.

Alder, E. W.	(IIIb).	Jones, Y. N.	(IIIb).
Barratt, T. F.	(IIIb).	Lane, D. L.	(IIIb).
Beauchamp, S. C.	(IIIa).	Langford, E. A.	(IIIb).
Blake, N. C.	(IIIb).	Lawrance, R.	(IIIb).
Bott, M. K.	(IIIa).	Locke, M. N.	(IIIb).
Bull, E. A.	(IIIb).	Oakes, L. J.	(IIIa).
Clark, R. A.	(IIIa).	Palmer, A.	(IIIb).
Connell, S. R.	(IIIb).	Peace, B.	(IIIa).
Cooke, V. M.	(IIIb).	Perkins, P. J.	(IIIa).
Craddock, E. M.	(IIIb).	Pritchard, J. S. A.	(Low. IVb).
Craddock, M.	(IIIb).	Rawbone, P. M.	(IIIa).
Dalrymple, A. C.	(IIIa).	Roe, C. G.	(IIIb).
Davies, J. W.	(IIIa).	Rose, M.	(IIIa).
Davies, T. E.	(IIIb).	Sachs, V. M.	(Low. Va).
Dayer-Smith, J. G.	(IIIa).	Savage, J. A. W.	(IIIa).
Dimelow, J.	(IIIa).	Sharpe, M. J.	(IIIb).
Dunnett, D. M.	(IIIb).	Shore, R. A.	(IIIb).
Easthope, P. M.	(IIIb).	Shuter, A.	(IIIa).
Edkins, A. A.	(IIIb).	Simcox, M. C.	(IIIa).
Edkins, J. S.	(IIIb).	Smith, G. M.	(IIIb).
Elmore, P. M.	(IIIa).	Smith, J. E.	(IIIb).
Gardiner, W. J.	(IIIb).	Sutor, B. A.	(IIIa).
Gibson, P. E.	(IIIb).	Taylor, M.	(IIIa).
Goldby, J.	(IIIb).	Tipping, S. J.	(IIIa).
Gravestock, D.	(IIIa).	Turner, G. A.	(IIIa).
Griffin, S. R.	(IIIb).	Tweed, S. M.	(IIIb).
Hall, A. D.	(IIIb).	Vincent, M. M.	(IIIa).
Holmes, P.	(Low. IVa).	Walton, E. J. M.	(IIIb).
Holmes, G. D.	(IIIb).	Watton, I.	(IIIa).
Horne, P. P.	(IIIa).	Wesson, B. J.	(IIIa).
Ingram, B. E.	(IIIa).	Wigington, C. A.	(IIIa).
Jones, S. E.	(IIIb).	Young, H. A.	(IIIb).

There have been 339 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD.

Acting President : STUART WRIGHT.

Hon. Secretary :

Hon. Treasurer :

P. E. WHEELER.

E. A. FINNEMORE, J.P.

Each issue of the magazine of late has contained a "rumour" that a revival of the Guild was imminent. Perhaps, as time went by and nothing happened, many old scholars really did begin to wonder whether these "rumblings" would ever take definite shape. However, if we have critics, let them be silent, and let the cynics lend us their ears, for here we are not only with officers, but an eager and enthusiastic committee.

The first step in our re-formation, was a circular letter to each old scholar, whose address could be found, giving an invitation to attend a meeting to be held at the school, on 14th August. Many doubts formulated in our minds—would old scholars come? would the fact that it was a purely business meeting frighten away those who would otherwise have attended? As if to make us more despondent, the weather was atrocious. The result, however, need never have been in doubt, for over seventy Old Scholars attended, some of whom had participated in the original framing of the Rules of the Guild in 1918 (one was a member of the fairer sex, and so no names!!) and others had only just left school.

Mere words cannot convey the enthusiasm of the meeting, but the following are the most important decisions:—

- (1) That the Guild be revived and reunions held as in the past, on the basis of the rules formed in 1918.
- (2) That all old scholars who had paid life membership subscriptions should continue as life members. Any subscription they might care to make was purely a voluntary one.
- (3) That the annual subscription be 5/-.

The enthusiasm of the meeting was most heartening, but at this juncture appears the greatest handicap under which the Guild labours. Finance has reared its ugly head. The Guild has no money whatever. The remedy is in our own hands, and we appeal to each and every Old Scholar to send a subscription Now, and let us kill this financial "bogey" once and for ever. No institution can exist without a solid financial foundation.

Now, to a more pleasant topic. Many Old Scholars have written to the Secretary. These letters have been a source of real encouragement and inspiration to all those valiant people who laboured with hundreds of addresses. At times, we wondered if it was worth the effort, and then would come along a letter from "old so-and-so." Grateful thanks, therefore, to each one of you who found time to write to us.

As for the future, the first post-war Reunion will be held at the School, on Saturday, 21st December, commencing at 7.30 p.m. The Committee will make every effort to make it a success. The attractions we can provide, however, are necessarily limited by restrictions and difficulties still with us, and the Reunion will perhaps be more essentially than ever a place where old scholars can meet and talk.

In conclusion, any suggestions from old scholars will be warmly welcomed and please do not hesitate to write to any member of the Committee, a list of which is as follows:—
G. P. Baylis, Rose Bunting, Mabel Feast, Janet Hill, R. Hunt, Kathleen Mason, N. Green, Mary Goodall, Myra Welch, Pamela Cresswell, R. Collett, J. Huxley and J. Midlane.
P.E.W.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

Congratulations to E. A. Finnemore, who has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for Warwickshire.

Also to Wing-Commander J. D. Sumner, on being awarded the O.B.E. (Military division).

And to the three brothers, Major C. H. Baylis, Squadron Leader D. C. Baylis and Sergeant L. G. Baylis, all of whom have been mentioned in despatches.

J. M. Richards saved a woman from drowning in the River Tavy, near Buckland Monachorum, Devon. He has been for some time in the Merchant Navy and is a strong swimmer.

R. H. Collier has obtained his B.A. at Oxford, and is going up for two more years to read Theology.

P. J. Bayne has been spending some time on duty in Palestine. We understand that the office he used in the King David's Hotel in Jerusalem was among those wrecked in the explosion caused by Jewish terrorists. He himself had on the particular day gone to Haifa.

Lilian Garner is now in the laboratory of the Stratford Canning Factory, where she is engaged in testing food, etc.

Beatrice Collier is studying at the Froebel Institute, at Roehampton.

H. T. Lester is Deputy Assistant Controller (technical) of the Penicillin Production Control. This Control is a headquarters branch of the Ministry of Supply, with its offices in Westminster.

Gillian Spencer is working in a branch of the War Office Intelligence Department.

Kathleen Smallwood, writing from Cape Town, says that she is expecting to return to Malaya within a few months. Her husband is already back at Kuala Lumpur.

Mary Slaughter has started a nursing career at the Midland Hospital for Women, Birmingham.

Barbara Aspinwall (studying under another old scholar, Dorothy Balmforth), has been awarded the Bordesley Cup, for consistent progress in the theory of music, December, 1943—45.

G. J. Pace and R. M. Hancox are now in the R.A.F. and V. E. Stone and G. J. Hillman are in the Army.

On October 4th, P. D. Hale and D. H. Mortimer met unexpectedly in the China Fleet Club, in Hong Kong. Letters from both of them mention this meeting.

P. D. Hale writes : " A Chinese funeral is the most peculiar thing. A band usually precedes the cortège, and is composed of weird string instruments after the violin style and a collection of drums of varying notes. In front also are carried lanterns and dragon images to drive away evil spirits and to light the spirit of the dead man on his way to his ancestors. Then comes the coffin, with a lorry usually following, laden with wreaths. Then follows an enormous procession in which anyone can join . . . " " Smuggling is the worst thing that happens here now. China proper is starving, while food here in Kowloon is plentiful. Consequently, the coolie trains take it across the border, while forty-five Royal Marine commandoes are trying to stop it at the request of Chiang Kai Chek. As much as three tons are captured some days . . . "

D. H. Mortimer writes : " Hong Kong seems very much a part of the East in every way, except the climate : it is very cool here now, and at times almost as cool as in England. I knew that women did not have much status out here, but never expected to see them doing all the hard manual work, while men do practically nothing. I have seen them repairing roads, mixing cement, heaving coal and rowing junks (with men as passengers). At first I wondered who looked after the home, but now it seems to me that in many cases nobody does." " Port Said seemed a very unpleasant place, and

Sally rejoined with a sniff, "I suppose you want me to be like Mrs. Spillikins and wear out last Summer's edge to edge coat!"

Space forces me to sketch briefly Minnie's subsequent career, and how her vagaries ranged from making a mobile shower to risking Fred the sack, until he saw that he had to start earlier than ever to cope with Minnie en route and his dirty hands on arrival. Sally's part ownership led to the purchase of not one, but half a dozen ensembles, appropriate to the different needs of weather, season, speeding and the not-infrequent pedal-propulsion that Minnie waspishly demanded. Suffice it to say that they were driven to a general sale after the first year, and so much kit had Minnie exacted, from tools to handlebar muffs, that they were able to exchange the temperamental Minnie for a less dashing, but stolidly reliable Morris eight. Sally could drive that without a special get-up.

D. H. EADIE (VI).

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

One of the great events of the term is the distribution of the school magazines. Is it possible that there could be so many covert readings under desk lids, as anxious authors eagerly turn over the pages to see if their contributions have been published, or such regrets and secret sighings from the non-literary members of the school, who wish enviously for the genius of their class-mates?

It is to be feared that the intellectual efforts of the Upper School are rapidly passed over by the junior school boy, who is eagerly devouring the details of the intriguing mystery produced by the star writer of the form. Detective stories, murders and mysteries are specialities of the middle school and an author appealing to the popular taste, finds himself the hero of the day.

The budding poets do not receive quite the same amount of notoriety. Their classmates after gaping at the poetic achievements with appropriate awe, pass on to more entertaining articles.

One of my favourite occupations on a wet afternoon is to read through a pile of old magazines. We find accounts of Sports days, speech days and attainments of former scholars, all of which have now receded into the annals of school history. Sixth formers, who have long since found a release from their heroic existence have related their

experiences in tones duly calculated to impress the rest of the school. Long suffering prefects, who have now passed to more peaceful surroundings, have recounted the horrors of travelling by school 'bus, of the conglomeration of hockey sticks, arms, legs, satchels, books and other terrible objects which reduce the traveller unaccustomed to such hectic travelling, to a stupefied silence. Finally, there are the reports of past football and hockey teams. It seems to be the custom for the writers of these reports to try to conceal their defeats under the glory of their victories.

In spite of the inexpressible thrill of reading the school magazine for the first time, the novelty soon wears off. The latest issue eventually takes its place with magazines of the past, in some forgotten corner, only to be brought to light when " forty years on," memories of school days return.

ZENA M. MASON (VI.)

HE WHO LIVES BY THE SWORD, SHALL DIE BY THE SWORD.

Slowly the sun sank o'er the lea,
And night's dark mantle covered me.
When the birdsong ceased in the wood,
Hushed by the evening's muffling hood,
Only the owl did lonely hoot,
As silent he flew to his nightly moot.

Then near at hand, I heard a cry,
And up I jumped and turned to fly ;
But back I crouched, into the hedge,
For there, upon the green-sward's edge,
A horse and rider stood quite plain,
And on his breast, there was a stain.

Then as I wondered who it could be,
Another rider came o'er the lea.
The moonlight shone on his dripping sword,
Red with blood like his coat and the cord ;
It shone on his face, a mask of spite,
For now his enemy must stand and fight.

But no ! I would not let him win ;
I knew him as a man of sin.
So up I sprang to the stranger's side,
Bidding him not to fear or hide,
For I would wait and deal a blow
To him who hated me also.

Then on he came, his sword on high,
To kill us both or there to die,
His mask of a face so cruel and bright
At the thought of us two beneath his might.
On he came to charge with a rush,
Shattering the stillness of the midnight hush.

And as he lifted his arm to smite,
His warhorse reared and plunged with fright,
Then down he fell, full on his sword,
And lay there writhing on the sward,
Cursing us with his dying breath
While mutely we watched and awaited his death.

Then at last he choked and gasped,
And from his body, life had passed.
So there we left him, a danger no more,
As the face of the moon was clouded o'er,
And black as pitch became the night,
To hide from the world that gruesome sight.

W. P. McCARTHY (VI).

A CLIMB.

It was early when we set out, and the air was quite sharp, although it gave promise of a beautiful day. The sky above was blue with tiny, white puffy-looking clouds gamboling across it, looking like the frisking lambs we saw about us. Our spirits soared as we swung along, our haversacks slung over our shoulders and our voices lifted high in praise to the sun which peeped over the mountains.

Crunch, crunch, crunch, the studs on the soles of our boots made a cheerful noise on the sunlit road, until we came to a stile, over which we scrambled, and then we began a gradual ascent.

For a time we followed a wall, one of those amazing structures which are found only in the extreme North of England. They are made of picturesque grey stones piled upon one another without anything holding them together, and there they have stayed for hundreds of years.

Suddenly the wall ended and we noticed that the ground was less grassy and more rocky; and before we had progressed very far our knees also told us that the slope was much steeper. In front of us we could see a mountain stream, a beautiful thing which anyone who saw it will never forget, and beside it a ledge upon which we climbed. Then, turning our faces to the rock and clinging tightly, we began our ascent in earnest.

It was the most difficult climb that we had so far undertaken. Inch by inch, step by step, we moved up the rock in single file. One false step would have sent us crashing down, gruesome thought that it is, but somehow no one thought of any such thing. Attention was paid to two things only: one, that it was the most glorious fun ever experienced, and the other, that there would be food and drink when the top was reached.

After about two hours continual climbing, we reached the summit, where we stood enraptured. All round were other mountains, and here and there we could see little tarns with the sun sparkling on the surface of the water. With a sigh of thorough happiness, we sank down for a snack on to the rock, now warmed by the blazing sun, completely forgetting how hot and tired we were, in the presence of the beauty by which we were surrounded.

MARGARET NORRIS (Upp. Va).

ON THE UNDERGROUND.

After descending endless steps to the underground, we arrived at last on the platform, just as a train clattered in. The doors slid open and at once everyone made a rush to get inside, including my Aunty, who was coming with me as far as Euston. Just as I was about to put my foot inside, "slam!" and the doors were shut. What a situation we were in! There was Aunty inside the train and I was standing outside. I wondered what on earth I could do. Would the next train be going to Euston? If so, how long should I have to wait before it came? If I did get to Euston, would Aunty be there? These and other thoughts passed through my mind. I asked two porters nearby whether the next train was for Euston. They replied that it was. To verify this, I thought I had better ask someone else. This I did and received the same answer.

I had to wait only a few minutes before the next train came in. This time I just made one leap for the door, so as to make quite sure of getting inside. When I arrived at Euston, I looked for Aunty on the platform, but at first I could not see her. I thought perhaps that she had got off at another station, but after I had been on the platform a few minutes up she came. She looked for all the world as if nothing had happened, whereas I had made such a fuss, but then Aunty is used to travel in London and I am not, or was not.

Nevertheless, I managed to get home the rest of the way quite safely. Indeed, if I had not, I should not be writing this article.

JOSEPHINE FINDON (Low. Va).

THE CLEVER MOUSE.

The little grey mouse he looked at the trap.

"Ho! ho! says little grey mouseie.

The cheese it looked nice, but would it go snap.

O would a piece of cheese be worth all that?

"No! No!" says little grey mouseie.

So he took a pencil and pushed the spring,

"Ho! ho!" says little grey mouseie,

The cheese jumped off and the pencil went ping!

Do you think the grey mouseie was sorry for that thing,

"No! no!" says little grey mouseie.

JOY PARRISS (Low. IVa).

THE BUTCHER.

The butcher's shop is open wide

And everyone can see inside;

He stands behind the meat,

And gazes out into the street.

He always wears a coat of blue

And a linen apron, too,

And with his knife he rather looks,

Like a giant in our story books.

A. REYNOLDS (Low. IVa).

FATHER'S WASHING UP.

It was my pleasure during the Summer holidays to visit those lovely inland waters, the Norfolk Broads, and explore them on a yacht.

One day as we were sailing up Meadow Dyke, a strong wind blew up and we were forced to anchor for the night. Next day when the wind had dropped, we finally sailed on to Horsey Mere, a wild stretch of water, very lonely and quiet, with only a very small staithe. However, we did not reach the staithe that night owing to another gale blowing up; and despite the protests of Mother, the mud weight was dropped.

Next morning, the yacht's nose was right in the reeds and it was only after much fuss that it was finally installed in the staithe. At the end of the day, Mother was most exhausted and so the crew volunteered to wash up. When Father had nearly finished, he felt round the basin and, concluding there was nothing there, threw the dirty water overboard. At this a whole cascade of plates fell with a splash into the water! Of course, the rest of us roared with laughter, and for the remainder of the holiday, the skipper refrained from helping with ship's washing-up, and if anybody would like five nice plates, they have only to dive into Horsey Mere and retrieve them from their muddy resting-place.

DRUSILLA MORTIMER (Upp. IV.b).

BY MOTOR COACH THROUGH THE PENTLANDS.

We started from West Linton, a small village seventeen miles from Edinburgh, where I was staying at a holiday camp for a fortnight. The camp is one of many planned for Scottish school children. Whole schools migrate to these camps for a month during the Summer, and there they carry on with their studies, while they enjoy the open air life. In the long Summer holidays, these camps are open for use by other organizations.

Not far from West Linton, on the way to Peebles, we saw two snow ploughs by the side of the road ; the one, an ancient wooden relic from the days of horses, the other a modern steel plough, tractor-drawn. To see them side by side, was a pleasing sight ; a connection between the old and the new. Peebles reached, we stopped awhile. We saw the Tweed, and bought the inevitable ice cream, while looking for view-cards of the surrounding country.

As we left Peebles, we saw scenery become gradually more picturesque. The white road wound tortuously through the higher hills which were now covered with horned sheep, who scampered swiftly over the rough slopes. Here and there was a sheep-fold, strongly built of grey stone without mortar ; in this way are built the walls which in this part of the country take the place of the green hedgerows of leafy Warwickshire. On this road, however, we did not see those walls which blend with the dark shadows of the undulating countryside ; the sheep were free to wander on to the road at will. One sheep which had found a comfortable spot in the middle of the road kept us waiting quite a time.

The journey was then uneventful, until we stopped by a small cafe on the side of St. Mary's Loch, to have a photograph taken. We had travelled along the side of the Loch for a great distance, on a narrow road, with the hills rising on the one side, the long narrow waters on the other ; and the opposite hills sloped down to the rippling waves. The hill behind the cafe was crowned with a small coppice, in front of which was a statue commemorating James Hogg, the " Shepherds' Poet."

On the way to Moffat, we passed a Scot in full Highland dress ; this sight caused quite a stir, as well as heated arguments about his tartan. A little after we saw the " Grey Mare's Tail," a long thin stream of sparkling water cascading down a rocky channel in a green slope which was dotted with white sheep. The first sight we saw on entering Moffat was the figure of a horned sheep on a pedestal in the market place.

For a while we kept Moffat in view, as we climbed higher up the mountain road. The driver however, turned our attention to a dark patch in the hill in front, which he said was called the "Devil's Beef Tub." We soon had the opportunity of looking down into the "tub" which is a deep ravine into which the English cattle were driven in those far-off days of border warfare.

The scenery now became more flat and less varied, and I began to nod. I remember passing the source of the Tweed, and going through Roman's Bridge, a very pleasant village; but I remember nothing more until we were turning into the gate to the camp.

E. G. GRAY (VI).

SWEET CONTENT.

I seek no wealth my happiness to buy,
Nor honour great to set me up on high,
No stately home adorned with earthly treasure.
For all such things are but a garish pleasure.

The simple things in life mean most to me,
A lovely song, a peaceful melody.
Sweet memories my silent thoughts embrace,
The hopes and joys I've gained through God's good grace.

Give me the glories of a cloudless dawn,
The beauty of the fields on summer morn,
The pleasant walks around the countryside,
The glow of setting sun at eventide.

My home is just a little cottage neat.
Around the door a porch with roses sweet;
The lavender with fragrance fills the air,
And fairest flowers bedeck my garden fair.

To know a friend who ere will constant be,
My joys to share in all sincerity;
My cottage home will be a haven blest,
A symbol of love, of sweet content and rest.

CYNTHIA BARTLETT (Upp. Va).

MY DOG.

My dog's legs are rather short,
He doesn't beg the way he ought,
His ears hang down, his face is glum,
"Trix," I call, but he doesn't come!

My dog is not a thoroughbred,
His tongue hangs out, it's rather red,
His tail looks tired, so do his feet;
But me, I think he's very sweet!

DOREEN ETSSELL (Low. IVa).

I WONDER WHY.

Each Spring, for several years, I have brought home some Frog spawn, which I have put into a small pond in our garden.

Each year I have carefully watched the arrival of the tadpoles and the transformation of the tadpoles into frogs. I have watched them grow and hop into the garden amongst the flowers and then they have vanished. This has happened for the past four years, until this year. This summer, the frogs have stayed in or around the pond. It is autumn, yet the frogs are still with us. They jump over Mummy's hand when she picks the last of the flowers. Sometimes they croak, making the weirdest noises. But they have not gone away this year.

I wonder why.

HILARY YOUNG (IIIa).

THE LONELY GHOST.

The time beloved by all school-boys had come : I was on holiday. This year I had chosen the home of a bachelor uncle, living in a small village on the Norfolk Broads, as the place for my vacation. Myself and another cousin who was younger than I had arrived late on the Saturday afternoon. The time up till Sunday afternoon was spent quietly in the house, but in the evening, we went to dinner at the house of the local doctor, who was a great friend of my uncle. Here we met his two sons, who were both about our own age and soon became our firm friends. Thus it came to pass that one day as we were fishing on the river bank, the elder of the two said to us " Do you believe in ghosts ?"

" Ghosts," I answered, and promptly burst into laughter, " Why, there are no such things. Surely you don't believe in them ?"

" I certainly do," he replied. " You see that house over there ; you may well wonder why it is uninhabited ; I will tell you It's haunted."

" Haunted," said my cousin, " that's nothing but imagination ! But tell us about it all the same."

The story he told us was very much like all the ghost stories we had ever heard.—A butler had murdered his master for an inheritance, and the ghost of the man and his butler (who had been hanged) were supposed to walk the house at night each year. But try as he would, our friend could not convince us of the truth of his story. Thus as a last resort, he dared us to sleep in the house on the night of the haunting; we both jumped at the idea, for there was a deal of friendly rivalry between us, and little did we know the consequences of our rash promise.

The day of our ordeal was fast approaching, and when at last it came, we set out for our rendezvous with our friends. On arriving, we found them awaiting us with provisions and amenities for the night. After a few minutes, they left us to each other's company during our period of waiting. After we had explored the interior of the house, we ate the meal which we had brought with us and settled down to sleep. This came upon us much more easily than I had expected, for we had spent the day fishing, and were naturally tired. We had slept for I know not how long, when I was awakened more by the feeling that something was wrong, than by any other factor. As the room was in pitch darkness, I lit the candle and, making sure that I did not awaken my cousin, I crept to the door and bolted it. Having done this, I felt more secure, and returned to my sleeping-bag, only to find I was unable to sleep. I remained in a semi-somnolent condition for about a quarter of an hour, when I was brought to my senses by the sound of footsteps crossing the hall below me. I immediately jumped up and woke my cousin, and together we stood and listened to the steps below gradually ascending the uncarpeted stairs. It was this regular sound of footsteps which first brought fear to us, and we stood listening in the dark room to the sound of the footsteps approaching our door. Eventually they reached the porch and, switching on my torch, I saw the door-knob gently turning and heard the door creak as someone leant against it. Everything remained silent for about a minute and then the footsteps gradually departed along the corridor.

I could stand it no longer!!! I jumped towards the door and after fumbling with the lock, I opened it and rushed down the corridor, only to see the back of a figure clothed in butler's tails, receding down the stairs. But here my haste was my undoing, for when I reached the landing, I tripped over a loose stair rail and fell headlong downwards. When I picked myself up, my only reward was the sound of an eerie laugh and a slamming door.

I made my way disconsolately upstairs to where my cousin was awaiting me ; and together we settled down to a night of watchfulness, until our friends would return with the dawn.

When at last they came and heard our story, they asked us whether we believed in ghosts now. I was not certain ; and neither am I to this day.

J. HOLIFIELD (Upp. Va).

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Autumn Term opened on Tuesday, September 10th, and closes on Thursday, December 19th.

The head boy is Eadie i. ; the head girl is Zena Mason.

This term the prefects are :—*Boys* (senior) Eadie i., Budden, Gittus, Gray i, Hadwen i, McCarthy i, Moizer, Steveni i, Wood i. ; (junior) Adkins i, Hill i, Horseman, Prestidge ; *Girls* (senior), Z. Mason, D. Harris, B. Hemming, M. Irving, J. Lane, D. Morris, J. Pavey, A. Rogers, S. Summerhill, S. Woolley ; (junior) M. Rowland, A. Rutter.

The Sides Captains are :—*Brownies*, McCarthy i, V. Smith, S. Goulbourne ; *Jackals*, Gray i, M. Irving, M. Canning ; *Tomtits*, Eadie i, S. Summerhill, S. Woolley.

The Football Captain is McCarthy i ; the Hockey Captain is Sheila Summerhill.

For the first time for several years we were able to have a school photograph. It was taken on the front tennis court, on Wednesday, June 26th.

As last year, the fortnight between the end of the Oxford examinations and the close of the Summer Term was occupied with a number of events, most of them out of doors, which could not be fitted in earlier in the term.

On Monday, July 15th, a tennis match, played between the Staff and the Sixth Form, resulted in a victory for the Staff, by a small margin.

On Tuesday, July 16th, the Upper Fifth had their tennis party.

Wednesday, July 17th, was devoted to a tournament for the girls of Upper IVb, Lower IVa and B, IIIa and B, and Remove. Both tennis and rounders were played.

Visits to the swimming baths at Redditch were paid on Tuesday, July 16th, by girls of Lower V and Transition, and on the following day by boys of Upper IVb, Lower IV, and III.

On Monday, July 22nd, the greater part of the school saw the film "David Copperfield," at the Alcester Picture House.

This also was the date of the Sixth form's tennis party.

On the same day, the Preparatory Department organised a Flower Show in their classroom, at which a collection in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes was taken.

The final of the Gold Medal tennis tournament was played on Friday, July 19th. S. Summerhill was the winner, beating J. Prosser 7—5, 6—3.

On Tuesday, July 23rd, the tennis tournament for girls of Upper IVa and upwards was held.

A debate for members of the Upper School took place in the morning of Wednesday, July 24th, the subject being, "It is better for the State to educate the few than the many."

In the afternoon, the Speech Day gathering was held in the Alcester Picture House. The address was given and the certificates were presented by Mr. David Greig.

At this assembly it was announced that a handsome cup had been presented to the school by the Chairman of the Governors, G. R. Mason, Esq. This cup, to be known as the "Mason" Cup, is to be awarded annually to the best pupil in the Middle School. On this first occasion it was awarded to Anne Hemming.

During this last fortnight of term, Sides matches in both cricket and tennis were played. The results of these will be found on another page.

At the closing assembly, cricket colours were handed to McCarthy i, Mole and Steveni i; tennis colours were handed to S. Summerhill, D. Harris and J. Prosser.

The "Burns" prize for biology for the year 1945 was divided between M. Burrows and C. Wyatt.

Joyce Plesters has presented a book to the Science Library, and Joan Horseman, Eileen Rose and Jean Paddock books to the History Library.

On the evening of Monday, June 17th, a party of the Upper Fifth, with Miss Hicks and Miss Wooldridge, travelled to Stratford-on-Avon, to attend a performance of "Macbeth."

Mr. S. F. Bates, who, before joining the Forces, was in charge of the music, has been appointed to a lectureship in music at Manchester Training College.

Dr. E. Falk, who left at the end of last term, has been appointed Assistant Professor at Bridgeport University, U.S.A., and given charge of the French department.

It was found impossible to obtain a mistress at the beginning of term, to take charge of the girls' physical training. Assistance was given first by Jean Paddock and later by Eileen Rose. This work is now being taken by Miss S. Careless.

There have been no parades of the Cadet Corps this term.

Part ii of Cert. "A" has been passed by the following cadets:—Corpl. Steveni, Corpl. Wood, L/C. Stone.

The large number of pupils taking advantage of the provision of free milk (the national scheme put into operation this term) has necessitated changes in the arrangements at "break." Milk is now supplied to boys and girls separately, the boys obtaining theirs in the canteen, and the girls in the Gym.

A slight change has been made this year in the naming of forms. There is no longer a "Transition," and there are now three parallel Upper Fourths, known as A, B, and C.

A new set of volumes of the "Children's Encyclopædia" has been purchased for the school library.

In the absence through illness, of Mr. Thornton, for some weeks in the middle of the term, Mr. J. H. Booth returned to A.G.S. to assist with his classes.

A number of Old Scholars have paid us visits recently; among them were Phyllis Groom (*nee* Horseman), G. Howes—on leave from Germany, R. Arnold—on leave from India and R. Hunt—on sick leave after an operation for appendicitis in the West Indies.

The wet weather during August and early September, caused the grass on playing fields and tennis courts to make very rapid growth. Both playing fields had to be mown before they were fit for use, and we saw the unusual spectacle of Mr. Ankorn scything the front tennis court at the beginning of October.

Five days—October 28th to November 1st—were taken as a half-term holiday.

Members of Upper Five A, with Miss Young and Mr. Druller, attended a matinee performance of "Twelfth Night," at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, on Thursday, November 14th.

On October 18th, Squadron Leader Goode talked to senior boys on matters connected with the R.A.F.

Former pupils of Miss Rhona Smith (now Mrs. Smith), will be interested to learn that she now has a second daughter.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. H. Bomford, who held the position of Clerk to the Governors of Alcester Grammar School since its opening in 1912.

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

The "Queen Elizabeth" sailed down the Clyde,
As proud as a Queen she passed entering the tide.
She went to sail the Atlantic wide,
And feared not the waves that broke on her side.

LYON-SMITH ii (Remove).

MY TRIAL.

One evening, just after dark, I was riding along the road on my bicycle. I often enjoy this recreation, but on this occasion, I was not to ride far, for suddenly, with no provocation, I was commanded to stop.

"Halt! Who goes there?" a voice cried.

"Me," I replied, rather put off.

"Who's you?" I was then asked.

I gave my name, and was about to enquire who confronted me and why he was so interested in who I was, when I was asked in rather a rough manner to follow him. Leaving my bicycle by the roadside, I did so. I was lead into what appeared to be a small brick hut, lit by two candles. I was soon to discover that this was no such thing, but a disused pigstye!

My host invited me to sit down and pushed forward an orange box. I did as I was bid. Looking round, I surveyed my surroundings. Besides myself and my host were three other boys, all younger than myself. Sitting behind what was referred to as a table, that is, a board placed on two piles of bricks, my captor informed me that he was the Judge and that I was about to be tried as a traitor.

"Who are the two others?" I smiled.

"This is the desk of the Court," I was informed, "And this is the Jury. The one who brought you in is the guard. See that the prisoner does not escape!"

Believing this to be a joke, I awaited the commencement of the trial with some enthusiasm.

"Silence in court," the Clerk sang out.

"Silence," the Judge repeated.

"Silence," said I.

"How dare you cheek the Court," screamed the Judge, who proceeded to tell me off about it.

"Yes, your Honour," I said, nodding my head.

I must mention at this point that I was playing up to the trial, being rather amused. I did not for one moment suppose that anyone meant it seriously.

"Call the first witness," the Clerk cried.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's the charge?"

"Oh, we all know that," the judge answered. "All right, what is it?" he added, noticing my puzzled gaze.

"I just caught him trying to spy out our secret plans." My captor sounded like a Latin period.

"While we are trying him, go and prepare the condemned cell to put him in afterwards," the Judge told my guard.

With a salute which was by no means smart, he departed.

"Call the first witness," the Clerk shouted for a second time.

"He's just gone to prepare the cell," said the "Jury," timidly.

"Oh, well," gasped the Judge, "We can do without him." He turned to me.

"Now what plans have you discovered?" he asked.

"Oh I've discovered that you are trying to try me," I replied calmly.

"Have you discovered any plans?" the Judge bellowed.

"No."

"What are you trying to find out?"

"I don't know," I said truthfully.

"What do you mean?"

I was unable to explain to the Court what I myself did not know. The Judge continued on a different topic.

"What were you doing on the night of November 11th?" he asked.

"That's to-morrow," the "jury" whispered.

"Oh! Well! What were you doing last night?"

"Chemistry," I replied, drily.

"Not all night!" the Judge sneered sarcastically.

"Oh yes!" I said emphatically. "But you wouldn't know, you're not in the Sixth Form!"

This cross-examination went on until the Court decided that on the night of the alleged crime, I was at home doing homework. I was unaware that the Court was in earnest, and I treated the matter far from seriously. Eventually the guard returned.

"Is everything ready?" the Judge asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"All we have to do now is to pass sentence," continued the Judge.

"But you haven't heard the Jury's verdict yet," I said. "And besides, you have no evidence, except that I couldn't possibly have done it!"

"That's all right," said the Judge cheerily. "What's the verdict?"

"He did it all right," the "Jury" whispered.

"You mean guilty?"

"Ah, that's it," the "Jury" nodded, not at all embarrassed.

The Judge stood up. A whisper behind made me do likewise.

"Prisoner at the Bar—" began the Judge, when he was interrupted by a titter of amusement.

"Prisoner," he repeated, "The Court directs that you shall go to prison for the period of one quarter of an hour. If you then confess, you will be free."

I was lead into "prison"—the tool shed. It was only when the door was locked that I realised that my captors were serious. The quarter of an hour seemed to go *so* slowly. I began to wonder if they had forgotten about me. At last I was released. The "Jury" held one of my arms and the Clerk of the Court the other and lead me out. After being severely reprimanded and warned what would happen next time, I was allowed to go freely, being watched secretly lest I should *not* go.

But I went.

J. PRESTIDGE (VI).

TIME TO SPARE.

Half an hour on a big railway station is most enjoyable. A train is coming in and boys are rushing up the platform, to get the number of the engine. They each carry a little notebook in their hands. Boys on the opposite platforms who cannot get the number shout to ask what it is.

The platform is crowded with people and the passengers look out of the windows as the train draws up. There is a general rush and a scuffle, as people get out and others get in. Some passengers rush out of the train to the refreshment room and get either a drink or a sandwich. There is a rattle of cups being put down on the counter, and then a shrill whistle from the engine, another scuffle and the passengers are back on the train. People wave good-bye to friends as the train chuffs slowly out of the station. Several persons run beside their friends, until they are carried away too quickly.

A signal drops and a heavy goods train crawls slowly down the middle line. A run for the boys again with their notebooks, and a few shouts from another platform, as another train moves out of the station from a far platform. Then an express roars in from the opposite direction. A banging of doors and noise of running feet indicates hurrying people just arrived. The express pulls out of the station as the guard gives a piercing whistle.

A slow, long distance train rattles into the station and there is another banging of doors and a rush. This is the one I have been waiting for, and as I get in the engine whistles and we are off.

BARBARA DRULLER (Low. IVa).

"BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT."

From the moment that the "Britain can make it" exhibition was opened, I had felt I would very much like to see it. So naturally, when the half-term holiday came into view, I made preparations to spend it in London.

I made three attempts in all to get into the exhibition, and it was on Thursday, the 31st of October, that I managed it. I arrived at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington about 10 o'clock in the morning and inquired from a Red Cross Nurse, who I realised with horror was waiting for someone to faint, how long I should have to wait in the queue. She replied that I should probably be in within the hour and as this was comfort indeed, after my last attempts, I decided to wait. I was lucky; I was in in half-an-hour.

I think most nations were well represented in the crowd, judging by the number of languages that I heard spoken and the various types of National costume seen, which included Sheiks and Indians in Saris and Turbans.

On entering the exhibition, I found that it is divided into seventeen departments, which commence with the change-over from war to peace and conclude with design in the future. Round the walls of the first gallery were arranged small pictures and scenes depicting the different departments and so enabling the visitor to pick out those that he (or she) finds most interesting. I picked out those that I wished to see and started my tour of inspection.

I first passed along a corridor which showed the different types of materials that the goods were made of. These consisted mainly of plastics in varying forms and colours. The corridor then broadened out into 'Shopwindow street,' which contained everything from glass and pottery to gloves and shoes. The goods were invitingly arranged in small windows which were lit up in a variety of different colours.

It was at this point that I got lost in the crowd and missed the sections on packing and heat, light and power, eventually finding myself in the furniture and furnishing fabrics department. These were exceptionally well laid out in their respective rooms varying from a schoolroom to several bedrooms.

The next division was radio and gramophones, which did not quite reach the standard I had expected, but perhaps I do not know enough about wireless in general to appreciate them fully. The following corridor was devoted to dress fabrics and a rest lounge for those lucky enough to obtain a seat.

Following on, I came to the largest department of all, which was devoted to women's dress. Here again everything was cleverly set out, but here again I was very disappointed, and thought the fashions were very ugly and some in the most atrocious colours imaginable.

Branching out at this point, the women's dress merged into the children's toys, which, although I blush to say it, I found quite the most interesting. The toys were very life-like and I felt most envious of the small children of to-day and to-morrow. I missed the next department of men's clothes and passed quickly through the next four departments of dress fabrics and design in the future and found a most interesting section devoted entirely to travel goods. This I found to be much more exciting than I had expected and made me look forward eagerly to the day when they would be available.

The next department was filled with utility furniture of varying types and qualities, but I did not spend a great deal of time here, as I was eager to reach the sports section next door. This again was very exciting, and I hoped that by the time the goods were available, I should not be too old for such activities. The following room was given over to books and printing, which, although interesting, seemed rather out of place in such surroundings. The large hall at the end was devoted again to design and it was here that I saw the by now famous electrically-heated bed and battery-driven bicycle. These I must say did not fill me with any enthusiasm, but I felt when I got outside that I had thoroughly used a good two hours

MARY ROWLAND (Upp. Va).

“ANIMAL WAYS.”

All dumb animals, like human beings, have their peculiar characteristics. I am thinking now particularly, of cats. We have three of them, Blueboy, Binks and Circus. I have spent many hours watching them.

Blueboy, who is fourteen years old, is very quiet and long-suffering, and likes warmth more than anything else in his world, apart from food.

Binks is six years old and very independent. She stalks miles in search of prey. I have often seen her struggling with a half-grown rabbit, fields away from the house. She will not stand any nonsense from the other two, but she loves to tease them. Occasionally she brings them a mouse, and mews at the door for them to come out for it, but sometimes she mews at the door when she hasn't a mouse, and when they rush out to her, she just turns a somersault in the air and dashes away up the hall, much to their disgust.

Circus is two years of age and a very affectionate cat. She loves a game and remains good-tempered, even when teased. She likes to be noticed and is fond of company. Being so playful and petted, she is often called “Child,” and readily responds to that ridiculous name.

J. W. KINNERSLEY (Low. Va).

“ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT.”

(Being a selection of spellings from the July examinations MS. of A.G.S.).

“Guar(r)anteed” authentic, J.Y.

“The passengers on the Chinees launch Yo-bi, tired of their cullenry efforts, upset by the moshion of the boat, as a storm had sudernly arisen and the captain was manifestly lacking in ifishionse, vermently urshed him to ancor by a small iland. They sore that this iland which they were ancus

to rich was proberbly round. So they egzerted themselves in urnest as they roade to the iland and toad out the angor. All showted with hora as they lost a stuffed chicken, but finally, safe from the warter they disided to cook their vedgatables with selarrey. Unused to the rotean, some said that salary might be eaten rore with sammon.

"After one hour, however, these voyageurs, hows atendshion wase probibly not on the hole with their food, had not safience scence to regognise that the accute attake of pain, hows corse they imagened they new, resulted from their stew. In fact, it had seamed to them that they had never tased anuthing so sweet hase that wase."

Reconstituted by E.G.G. and D.H.E.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

A disturbing article in the "Pond Weed Gazette."

We are greatly concerned about some recent disappearances among the larger members of our community. Mr. Flopper, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Pike family, was yesterday seen, by a small roach, fighting for his life, with what appeared to be a large strong rope, firmly fixed to his lower lip. Investigations have proved that on the end of this was a contrivance to fix it to his lip. How this works we can only as yet guess, for no single fish, not even the strongest of our species, the Pike, has yet survived to tell the tale.

Another of these victims is Mr. Samuel Perch, who has also, we suppose, been killed. We mourn for the brutal killing of one of the wisest of our community, Mr. Perch appeared to be feeding perfectly normal, when he came upon a large succulent worm. He hungrily swallowed this, and was last seen disappearing at great speed, to where we suppose good fish go when they die.

What is to be done about this? inhabitants of our pond cannot just disappear when they are feeding. This menace makes no distinction of male or female, wise or stupid, bold or timid; it just takes what it likes. All that can be done therefore is to prod very carefully with your nose, any food that you are about to eat, especially that suspended in the water, as the victims of this terrible murder are mostly taken from us by this form of food. If it seems in any way suspicious, leave it!

Further advice about this will be published when more is found out about this terrible scourge.

... ..

Excerpt from the Midland Fishing Times.

" Good fishing has been had in Greenlake reservoirs in Lord Fishlock's grounds lately. Several large fish have been caught, including a twelve pound Pike and a lovely five pound perch. This lake has never been fished in since it was restocked five years ago. Good sport is anticipated here in the future."

M. STEVENI (Low. Va).

OLLA PODRIDA.

Cocoonut oil, writes C.M.H., is used for making margarine into butter, cream into milk.

When mixed with water, says A.J.G., this floats to the bottom.

He walked twenty miles on foot, and six miles on a horse, writes J.M.A.

The banana, according to R.M.D., is a compound fruit.

On the authority of D.M.F. and W. J., savanna grasslands have carnivorous forests in them.

You can give the sand a water bath, writes J.M.W.

Girl: Please sir, I did my homework upside down last night.

P.D.S. writes: The smell of hydrogen sulphide is disierable at the end of the action.

From this Biblical MS., the first book, Genius, is missing.

At the Olympic games the victor was presented with a reef of coral leaves.

Drake and another admirable were playing bowls.

Master: What English book are you reading this term?
Boy (D.F.S.): " The Floss on the Mill," sir.

We can pick out iron and sulphur with the naked eye, writes R.A.S.

Some of the by-products of the coal-gas industry, according to J.M.G. and B.M.H., are tin, copper, aluminium and radium.

The son of a Roman citizen's garment, writes J.M.H., was a toga.

Democracy means that people worship images for their gods.

Caesar was told to beware the hides of March.

In Babylon it was not windy, for there was a wall all round it.

Among the apparatus needed, state B.J.H. and V.J., is a rubber bun.

The olive, writes B.M.H., is a fruit used for making cakes.

Monks used to do all sorts of silly things, thinking they were preserving a seat in the next world.

Hannibal started from Spain and invaded Italy across the Andes.

The savages banished their swords in the air.

Bonnie Prince Charlie took refuge at Holyrood Castle, and settled down with £30,000 on his head.

A compound is held together by the direct object, writes S.F.B.

The bull sports consisted of doing summer salts over the bull's back.

We recognise Norman architecture by the buffets on the walls.

The cow is sacred to the Indus.

Two castles built in Wales by Edward I were Balmoral and Copenhagen.

A.J.D. remarks that the French neuter demonstrative *ceci* is used when referring back to something which has not been mentioned before.

Birds of a feather flop together.

All that glitters is not cold.

THE MOP.

The mop has come to town once more,
Attracting people score by score ;
The roundabouts are in full swing,
While all the happy people sing.

The wall of death attracts a crowd,
And makes the people shout aloud
At daring things which they see done,
And cause us such a lot of fun.

The bumping cars give much delight ;
To get on these you push and fight.
Only too soon the mop must end,
While all of us will homeward trend.

MARGARET HARRIS (Upp. IVa).

CARNIVAL.

Few unusual happenings take place in this mechanical world of 1946 to add any variety to the monotonous life of the ordinary man. This, however, was not the case in one of England's largest cities on November 2nd.

The journey into the town seemed endless. The 'bus crawled along, its progress hindered at every traffic light. The white-faced passengers sat huddled in their seats, every few minutes turning to gaze with tremulous glances out of the windows to see if any of the hostile tribe were in sight. At last it happened. With a threatening shout, two grotesque figures leapt aboard the vehicle. Ludicrously dressed as the figures were, voluminous garments hanging copiously round their legs, their features, although disguised by much paint, revealed their attachment to the 'not so gentle sex.' They stood menacingly over the passengers until each had contributed some money into their collecting boxes and then with much disturbance, they left the vehicle. The passengers breathed a sigh of relief, grateful for the brief interlude before a further onslaught was made.

Eventually the journey came to an end. Through the crowded streets we could glimpse flaming torches, brilliant light and the garish colour of the costumes and 'make-up' of those processing down the street. Certainly from the antics and apparel of these monstrous forms one might imagine that a return to the primitive rituals of the natives was imminent. One lorry exhibited a pageant bearing the inscription, 'Social Science,' on which a number of beings representative of the palæolithic age and consequently clothed in skins showed to advantage the communal spirit prevalent in that age. Really there is something to be said for the simple unperplexed existence of the primitive man. Many and varied were the other illustrated tableaux, while efforts at traffic-directing by scantily-clothed 'policemen' caused great amusement among the crowds.

Carnival day is an eagerly anticipated event for every Birmingham University student. The organization of the procession, ideas for tableaux and particularly the act of disguising and making oneself look ridiculous, give pleasure to both male and female alike. In addition to all this, the cause is good and they certainly manage to win their way into the hearts and pockets of the citizens who can enter into the spirit of enjoyment and for a few hours forget their mundane tasks.

SHEILA WOOLLEY (VI).

A NARROW ESCAPE.

One day while Pip was going a stroll by himself, he saw one of his friends on the other side of the road. The day was Friday and market day. Everywhere it was crowded. Pip went to cross the road, when he saw one of his deadliest enemies. As he was in the mood for a bit of fun, he started running after him. His enemy went across the road, and Pip followed him. All of a sudden a big lorry loomed up in front of Pip and he lay down in the middle of the road in fright; the lorry went straight over him without hurting him at all. The next thing Pip did was to run home, and now he won't cross the road without his mistress. It has also taught him

MY IMAGINATION.

I was walking through a wood
 One dark and dreary night,
 When I seemed to see a hood
 In the shadows on my right.
 My heart was beating like a clock
 As I ran towards a lea,
 I turned my head, and what a shock,
 The hood was following me !
 I ran and ran, then turned my head,
 And this time the moon brightly shone,
 Nothing was there, and the wood seemed dead,
 'Twas only my imagination.

CECILY HARTWELL, (Low Va).

THE INQUISITIVE CAT.

Tabby was a black and white cat. He was very inquisitive. One day he saw a boy with some big lollipops in a jar. Tabby had not seen such big lollipops before and went nosing around the jar which the boy had put down. Tabby tried to eat one, but it stuck to his nose. Then he tried to pick one up with his paws ; that stuck fast too. When the boy turned round there weren't any lollipops in the jar, but Tabby had plenty on his fur. You may be sure Tabby never touched lollipops again.

JACQUELINE GOLDBY (IIIb).

THE 'BUS.

Oh what a crowd ! and don't they fuss
 Whilst getting on and off that 'bus ;
 They squeeze and push and pull and shout,
 I wonder what it's all about.
 It seems as though that lady, there,
 Has not stopped to pay her fare,
 And she is holding up the queue,
 Although the crowd is now but few.
 Ah ! now she has just moved away
 And now there is no more delay,
 And all the crowd is in the 'bus
 So now they do not need to fuss.

JOSEPHINE HANCOX (Low. Va).

WESTON HO !

Last September, Tanworth-in-Arden village choir went on its annual outing. About thirty passengers travelled in a motor coach to Weston-super-Mare. The day was cloudy and the coach frequently ran into squalls of rain. This greatly distressed the younger members, who had brought their bathing suits in readiness for a bathe.

The journey was quite interesting. We arrived in Bristol, and were forced to wait by the movable bridge while a Swedish ship was towed through. After this delay, all went smoothly,

and the coach drew up by the promenade at a quarter to one. The tide was coming in, but we had no time to stand and stare, as we were obliged to hurry to a cafe where lunch was awaiting us. After getting lost, we eventually found our destination. After lunch, we debated on whether we should first go to the pier or the bathing pool. We decided on the pier, which is, I should think, one of Weston's chief attractions. We hurried up to the amusement fair, and soon money was flowing freely. We sampled the switch-back railway, motor boats, roundabouts, various slot machines and other novelties. Then we realized we had not much time left for going to the lido. We hurried along the promenade and eventually reached our destination. The water looked blue and very enticing, but once in it proved to be extremely cold. We did not stay in long, though long enough to be late for tea.

Our coach was to pick us up at six o'clock, and we spent the remainder of our time and money having rides on tired donkeys and eating ice-cream. Soon after we had passed Bristol on our return journey, darkness closed around us, and to pass away the time, the younger members of the choir sang rounds, songs, hymns and carols—much to the consternation of the older folk. At Tewkesbury, we stopped for refreshments, and filled ourselves with sandwiches, lemonade and ginger beer. Once on our way again the excitement began to cease. Heads began to nod drowsily, and the only sound was the purring of the engine.

Our outing ended soon after ten o'clock, when the coach drew up by the chestnut tree on the village green. Sleepy voices called 'goodnight' to each other with a reminder to be awake for choir practice the next day. Then we started off for home, weary but content.

SONIA SHORE (Upp. Va).

MY BIRTHDAY!

It was my birthday and I had a few friends in to tea. I didn't expect much, but when we went into the dining room, and saw the table, we were all speechless! There was tinned fruit of all sorts, and plenty of cream to go on it, a lovely iced cake and thin white bread, spread with plenty of farm butter. We all sat feasting our eyes on the cream, and were just going to start tea, when mother called "Alan! get up now, your breakfast is ready." I woke up to find it was all a dream, and the usual porridge and bread and margarine was waiting

A. BRADLEY (Low. IVb).

A CIRCUS.

Hurrah ! there's a circus coming to town.
 I hope there will be a funny clown,
 Who stands upon his hands and head,
 Dressed in a suit of yellow and red.
 Perhaps some ponies brown and white
 Will gallop around with a lady light.
 It will be so wonderful to see
 Her riding bare back brave and free.
 Now that is all I have to say
 Of the circus that is a week to-day.

MARY BUNTING (Remove).

OXFORD EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1946.

In the examinations held in July, the following candidates obtained certificates :—

Higher School Certificate.

Group ii (Modern Studies—History and English)—D. H. Eadie (distinction in History) ; Z. M. Mason ; E. M. Rose.

Group iii (Mathematics and Physics)—J. D. Moizer.

School Certificate.

*G. V. Adkins (9 credits) ; B. F. Baseley (3 credits) ; P. H. Fellows (7 credits) ; R. M. French (4 credits) ; T. H. Gander-ton (2 credits) ; *D. A. Harris (6 credits) ; B. E. Hemming (5 credits) ; *D. E. J. Hill (9 credits) ; *†K. M. Holmes (9 credits) ; *R. J. Horseman (8 credits) ; N. R. Hull (5 credits) ; J. M. Irving (3 credits) ; J. J. Lane (6 credits) ; E. M. Malin (5 credits) ; H. M. Malin (3 credits) ; D. M. Morris (3 credits) ; *M. W. Pallett (6 credits) ; *E. J. Pavey (6 credits) ; *J. Prestidge (9 credits) ; *J. A. Prosser (8 credits) ; J. W. Roberts (3 credits) ; *V. A. Rogers (5 credits) ; *S. M. Rymell (8 credits) ; J. R. Sanders (5 credits) ; *S. M. Spraggett (8 credits) ; V. E. Stone (3 credits) ; J. Stringer (6 credits) ; *M. E. Tolman (7 credits) ; B. M. Whitehead (3 credits) ; J. M. Wickwar (3 credits).

*Qualified to claim exemption from the London Matriculation Examination.

‡First in examination ; awarded the " Spencer " Cup.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Spring comes in, and starts the year ;
 Birds, buds and flowers do then appear.
 Birds' nests in the trees we find,
 Although we may not know their kind.

Summer comes with cheerful days,
 Filled with Summer's sunny rays ;
 Time for bathing, fishing too ;
 Troubles are so very few.

Autumn comes along once more,
 Fills the barn with this year's store—
 Apples, damsons, plums and wheat,
 All good things we like to eat.

Winter comes and Christmas too,
 Lots of fun for me and you ;
 Skating on the frozen pool ;
 This is better than being at school.

CRICKET.

The scores in the Sides matches played last term were as follows :—
Brownies 96, Tomtits 11 ; Jackals 90, Tomtits 34 ; Jackals 70, Brownies 54. The match Jackals v. the Rest was undecided.

TENNIS.

The following were the results in last term's Sides matches :—
Tomtits beat Brownies, 9 sets to 0 ; Tomtits beat Jackals, 9 sets to 0 ;
Brownies beat Jackals, 7 sets to 2.

FOOTBALL.

Captain : McCarthy i.

Secretary : Budden.

The loss of several key members of last year's team has resulted in a disappointing record on paper this term.

All inter-school matches have been lost but the team now shows signs of settling down and at times some good football has been seen. The first match against Evesham produced rather scrappy football, but the middle period of the match against Kings Norton showed that the XI. was capable of some constructive work. The opening stages of both matches against Redditch produced the best football of the term. In the home match, for example, the score after half-an-hour's play was 2—2. The extra experience of the Redditch team, however, enabled them to outplay Alcester in the second half.

RESULTS.

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 5—8.
- „ v. Kings Norton G.S. (away), lost, 2—6.
- „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—9.
- „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 2—14.
- „ v. St. Nicholas Guild (home), won, 7—5.
- „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 1—5.
- „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 6—10.

L.T.J.

HOCKEY.

Secretary : D. Harris.

Captain : S. Summerhill.

Unfortunately we were without a qualified games mistress at the beginning of this term, Miss Flynn having left at the end of last year. An old scholar, Miss Careless, has however recently taken charge of the girls' games, and we hope to do well under her guidance.

The school team were badly beaten at Bromsgrove at the beginning of term, but partly regained their reputation when they only just lost in an enthusiastic battle against our old rivals, Evesham. The second eleven, which lost about one half of their members at the end of last year, also played creditably.

RESULTS.

- A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st XI. (away), lost, 0—11.
 - „ 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI. (away), lost, 3—4.
 - „ 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (away), lost, 1—3.
- S.S.